

The New York Times

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL



WHEN THE ZEPPELINS FLOAT OVER LONDON.

An artist's drawing, showing a night attack by the Kaiser's air raiders on the world's greatest city—dropping bombs in Trafalgar Square.

The New York Times MID-WEEK PICTORIAL

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The Situation

(Week ending September 20)

LORD KITCHENER, speaking in the House of Lords, declared that, in his belief, Germany had shot her bolt, for, while a few weeks ago her average advance on the eastern front was fully five miles a day, it has now diminished to something like one-fifth of this—a mile a day. The cause of this is no diminution of Teutonic effort, for there has been no diminution. It is rather an increase of Russian resistance, new men, new munitions, new energy, new hope. So that while some approach, though not very much, has been made toward Riga on the north, and while Pinsk on the frontier of the marshland is reported taken by Mackensen in the centre, the Russian armies at the south end of their line, which is still in Galicia, have admittedly been gaining ground and putting up a stubborn fight for an army which has met with uninterrupted reverses since the beginning of May. With the fall of Vilna on Sept. 20, and the Germans' wide encircling movement to the north, there is the chance that the Russian Army retreating from that fortress will be surrounded and forced to give battle.

From Gallipoli no definite news has come, excepting many rumors of Allied origin, notably that the Germans are getting all the artillery into their own hands because they fear a vast mutiny of the Turkish soldiers. Kitchener spoke of the advancing demoralization of the Turks, and announced that in Mesopotamia their resistance has definitely ceased after a year of fierce fighting. There the probable cause is complete failure of ammunition, since they make none and there is no outside source for them to draw on. But we may be certain that the Turks in Gallipoli will fight valiantly to the very end. For the Turk the battle begins where, for other nations, it ends.

No Teutonic "drive" through Serbia has yet begun, though the closing of the Austro-Hungarian frontier along Rumania is ominous of changes there. No final decision has been come to by the Balkan States though there are rumors that Czar Ferdinand has been promised "a revived Byzantine Empire." Does this mean that the Kaiser has promised to hand Constantinople over to Bulgaria?

From Italy also no very marked changes are reported. In the region about Gorizia a renewal of energies is reported, but the town itself is still in the hands of the Austrians. From the Lake Garda region much activity is also reported, but no notable conquests are recorded.

There has been continuous artillery pounding in France, but so far no definite advance has begun. The natural moment for such an advance, if the decision lay wholly within the power of the Entente forces, would be when the Teuton armies were at the furthest point of their eastward swing; when they were so entangled in the Russian campaign that it would be impossible for them to draw out without disaster. It may be that it is for this psychological moment that General Joffre and Sir John French are waiting.

Here and There Among the Pictures Comments by a Trained Observer On Illustrations in This Issue

Zeppelins Over London

WHAT is the military value of a Zeppelin raid? What is the moral value? If we think of the vague views that were put forward two or three years ago, when new Zeppelin airships were being tried out, the imaginary invasions of England by aerial armies, even the holding of the capital up to ransom, we can see in an instant that all this was fantastic; that, in this sense, the Zeppelin raids have no military value whatever. Efforts to bombard London have been going on for over a year now, yet it is absolutely certain that there are more houses in London today and more inhabitants, men, women and children, than before the first raid from the air. In exactly the same way, in spite of the dramatic loss of the Lusitania and the Arabic, there are more ships in the British merchant marine, more in the Royal Navy, than there were before the first submarine fired the first torpedo. Yet we shall be wrong in thinking that the Zeppelin raids are valueless from the standpoint of military accomplishment. They are not. They keep in England and away from the battle front scores of the best air pilots and scores of the best British aeroplanes. Incidentally they are forcing the development of new forms of aircraft, as the submarines are forcing new developments in destroyers. So the Zeppelin raids have their military effect. (See cover)

On the Qui Vive

ONE of the most amusing pictures recently sent from the war zone is that of a Turkish sniper dressed from head to foot in green branches covered with leaves, even his face painted green; really a wildly burlesque effect, like the man of straw in a child's pantomime. Beside him stands the keen-eyed soldier from the Australian bush, perhaps, who spotted him and brought him in. In our picture of the Italian sentries challenging there is the same sense of stage effect; the thing would go beautifully on the boards. Which is only to say that, sometimes, the theatre comes close to real life. We have made the reflection before, but it is impressed on us again: that, after this war, fiction will be bankrupt for a generation. Fact has already gone far ahead of it. We shall be reduced to reading and writing pastoral poetry. (See page 3.)

Holland's Neutrality

HOLLAND'S position is nearly as costly and irksome as that of Switzerland, which has had to keep the national army continuously mobilized for over a year at an enormous cost, while excluded from all share in the passionate enthusiasm which makes the cost more bearable for belligerents; excluded also from all hope of the prizes of war. To these small countries, the war means so much dead loss, so much money burned up and gone in smoke. Yet there is no alternative, on pain of loss of independence. Holland is in a particularly painful position; with many affinities which draw her toward Germany, with a German Prince Consort, she yet knows that German victory with the annexation of Belgium will be the end of all real independence for Holland, a land passionately and heroically devoted

through centuries to the national ideal. In her present plight Holland is not to be envied. (See page 4.)

Submarines at Galata

ON Friday, Sept. 3, this message was sent from Athens: "Last week a British submarine appeared off Kretzou, in the Gulf of Ismid at the eastern extremity of the Sea of Marmora. Several seamen landed from the vessel and attempted to blow up by dynamite the important Guebzei Bridge, which is twenty-eight miles from Constantinople on the Haidar-Pasha-Ismid railway line. The landing party, however, did not succeed in completely destroying the bridge, and the seamen withdrew after disposing of the men on guard at the bridge. In the last week of August four transports were torpedoed."

Even more spectacular was the shelling of Galata Bridge by one of these dauntless English submarines. The old city of Constantinople is on a promontory, with the Sea of Marmora to the south, the Golden Horn to the north, the Bosphorus to the east, separating it from Asia by something more than a mile of clear water. On the very extremity of the promontory and therefore looking out to Scutari on the Asian side is the old royal inclosure of the Sultan, entered by the Sublime Porte, a gateway which has given its name to the Sultan's Government. Immediately to the north of the long inlet called the Golden Horn lies Galata, joined to the older city of Stamboul by the Galata Bridge, which the submarine is reported to have shelled. On the hills overlooking Galata and the Golden Horn and looking across the Golden Horn to old Constantinople, is the hill-quarter of Pera, from which also Scutari on the Asian side of the Bosphorus can be seen spread out like a panorama. The view from the hills of Pera is, indeed, one of the most wonderful in the world. (See page 5.)

Literal Bird's-eye View of Armies

IT is curious how long the idea of flight existed in the human mind before Montgolfier and the Wright brothers made it an actuality—or was it a memory of an older world? But the new developments found our minds and our words completely ready, and particularly in the phrase "a bird's-eye view." One of our pictures shows the bird as seen by the bird. Another, a flock of "birds" resting on the Serbian bank of the Danube. Their presence here is immensely important, far more important than their peaceful aspect suggests. For their aim is not so much to raid Hungarian territory as to keep vigilant watch against possible raids by troops gathered on the Hungarian side, and ready to begin a "drive" across Serbia toward Bulgaria in the effort to avert the fall of Constantinople. That is really one of the cardinal possibilities of the war; therefore it behooves these watchful birds to be vigilant, for, as has often been pointed out during this war, effective aeroplane service makes any large surprise movement impossible. (See page 6.)

Soldiers of France

HERE is the best story that has recently come out of France touching the gallantry of her soldiers. Arnold Bennett tells it

"The story concerned a soldier a schoolmaster—who in an engagement got left between the opposing lines, a quite defenseless mark for German rifles. When a bullet hit him he cried *Vive la France!* When he was missed he kept silent. He was hit again and again, and at each wound he cried *Vive la France!* He could not be killed. At last they turned a machine gun on him and raked him from head to foot. *Vive la France!*" (See page 7.)

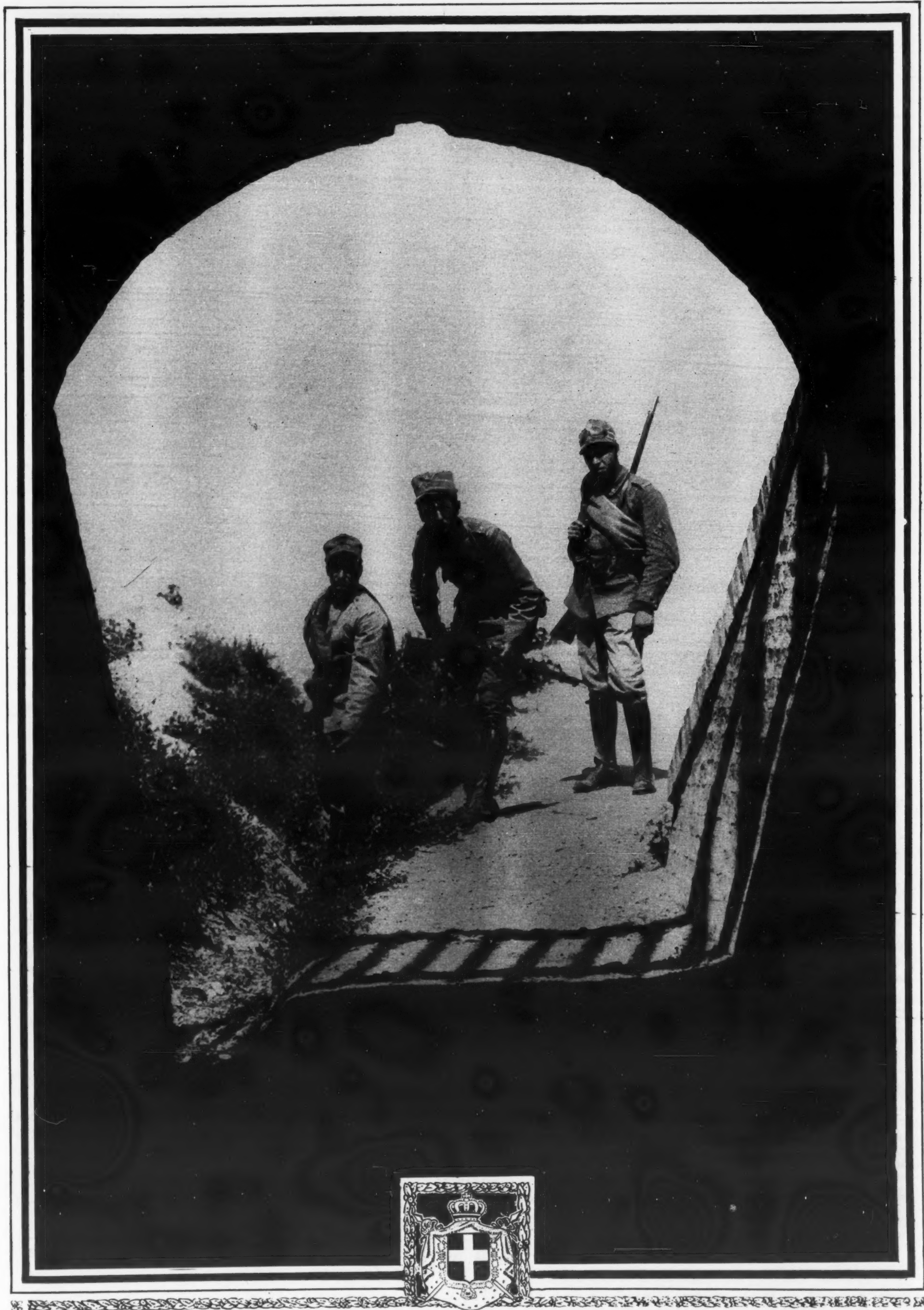
The Funeral of the F-4

IT is reported that Admiral Bousch, having made a thorough examination of the dead body of the Submarine F-4, which has been raised and brought into Honolulu harbor, declares that a battery explosion unquestionably caused her loss, and that, as a result, the Navy Department announced, on Sept. 17, that other submarines of the same class, the F-1, F-2 and F-3, supposed to have similar defects, will be withdrawn from commission until they can be examined and their defects corrected. On the same day came the announcement that at the Fore River Shipyards at Quincy, Mass., the Submarine M-1, the largest vessel of this class possessed by our Government, had been successfully launched. It measures 185 feet in length as against the 232 feet of Jules Verne's Nautilus, will mount a disappearing 3-inch gun on its foredeck and will have a surface cruising radius of 5,000 miles without refilling fuel tanks—say across the Atlantic and half-way back again. Even this boat, it is pointed out, is already out-classed by Germany, which is commissioning U-boats capable of cruising to the gates of New York Harbor and then of returning to Wilhelmshafen. Perhaps the best comment is this rather caustic one: "If the number of this newest submarine were the M-100 or thereabout the United States Navy might be considered in fairly good defensive condition." (See page 8.)

The Passing of Dr. Dumba

HAD he really the intention of going? A delicate question, and which the historian of Tartarin would be deeply embarrassed to answer. At any rate the Mitaine menagerie had left Tarascon more than three months, and the slayer of lions did not budge. After all, perhaps, the candid hero, blinded by a new mirage, imagined in good faith that he had gone to Algeria. Perhaps, by force of recounting his future hunts he thought he had made them as sincerely as he imagined he had hauled up the consular flag and fired on the Tartares, bang! bang! at Shanghai. Unfortunately, if this time also Tartarin de Tarascon was the victim of a mirage, the good people of Tarascon were not. When at the end of the third month of waiting they perceived that the hunter had not yet packed a trunk, they began to murmur. "It will be like Shanghai!" said Costecalde, smiling. And the armor-maker's saying had a wild success in the town, for no one any longer believed in Tartarin. At the club, on the esplanade, they came up to poor Tartarin with little airs of mockery. "Et maintenant, pour quand ce voyage?" (See page 9.)

(Continued on Page 23.)



Who Goes There?

An Italian patrol in the Isonzo district photographed through the archway of a bridge at the moment of challenging an approaching stranger—who evidently proved to be friendly. Note the modern uniform and equipment of the Italian infantrymen.

(Photo © American Press Assn.)



Holland Watches Her Neutrality—and Her Shipping!

Recent dispatches from Amsterdam record the growing alarm of the authorities over the "recurrent violations" of Dutch neutrality by Germany's Zeppelins, which have been floating over Amsterdam and other parts of the Netherlands—presumably while bound on air raids against the Allies' cities or the war territory.

Concern for the Dutch shipping is expressed by Holland's press—which hints at a fear that the Zeppelin bombs might be released while over Dutch territory. Above is a view of shipping in the harbor of Vollaendam, Holland, and beneath it a scene on a ship-canal in Amsterdam. (Photos from Press Illustrating Co.)

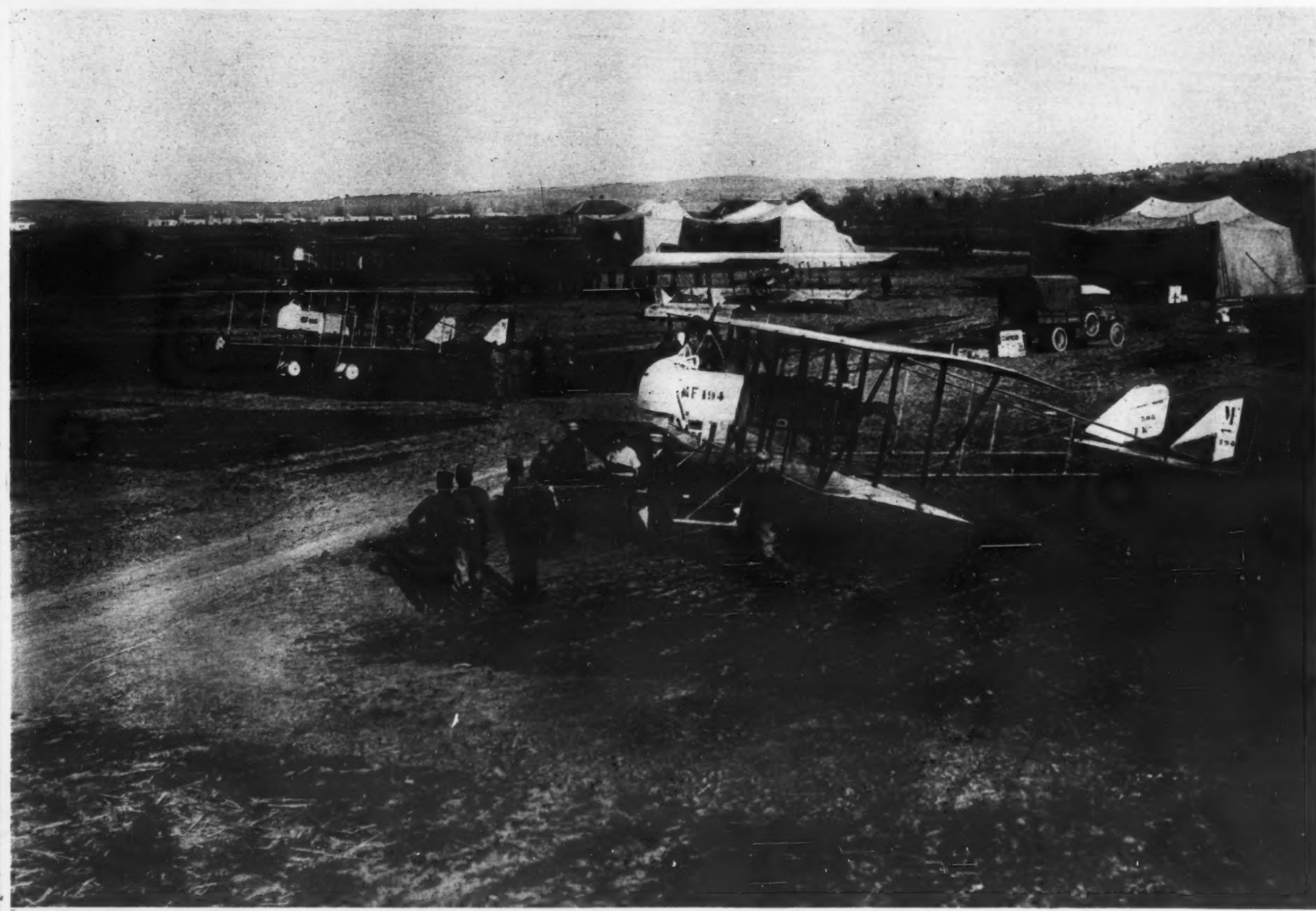


When Allied Guns Echoed Against Constantinople's Walls

To an Allied submarine is accorded the astonishing feat of coming to the surface in the Bosphorus, in the very heart of Constantinople's waterway, and while on the surface shelling the Galata Bridge and destroying a portion of it. The Galata Bridge is the Brooklyn Bridge of

Constantinople. Crossing the Bosphorus, it links Constantinople proper with Pera and Galata, thus connecting the European and Asiatic sides of the city. Its destruction would be a blow to Constantinople.

(Photo © International News Service.)



With Fighters Who Fly

Above—A French monoplane of type known as "the parasol" in full flight over the French border city of Nancy, in the Meurthe et Moselle district. The aeroplane, which is headed for the German border, was photographed from another machine slightly above it. Below—Fliers of almost every type concentrated on an aviation field of the Allies, behind the Danube, ready for raid or defense against Austria-Hungary.

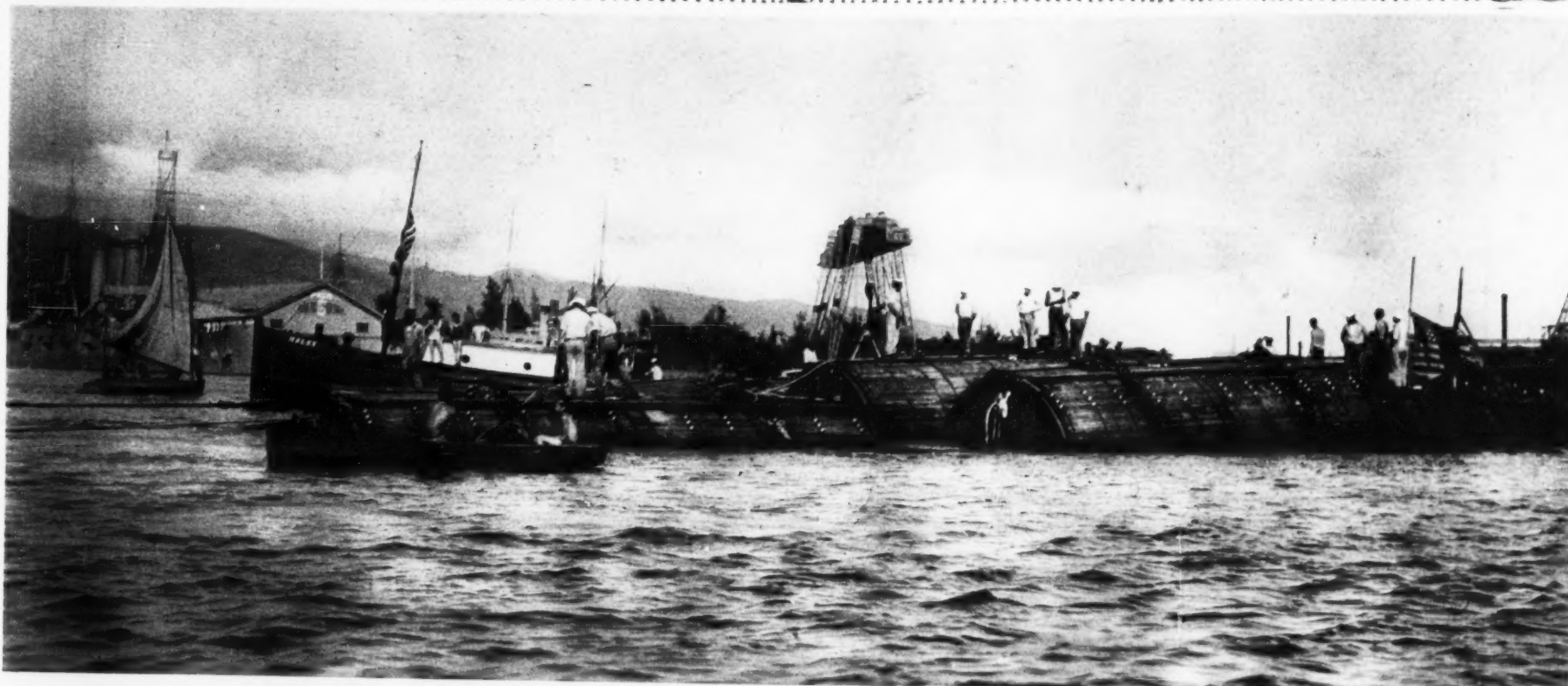
(Medem Photo Service.)



Honors to French Heroes

Men of the Second Regiment of French Cuirasseurs being decorated by their commanding officer with medals awarded for bravery on the field. The occasion is the presentation of a standard to the regiment, and the ceremony took place in the yard of a military school within sight of the Eiffel Tower, in Paris.

(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)

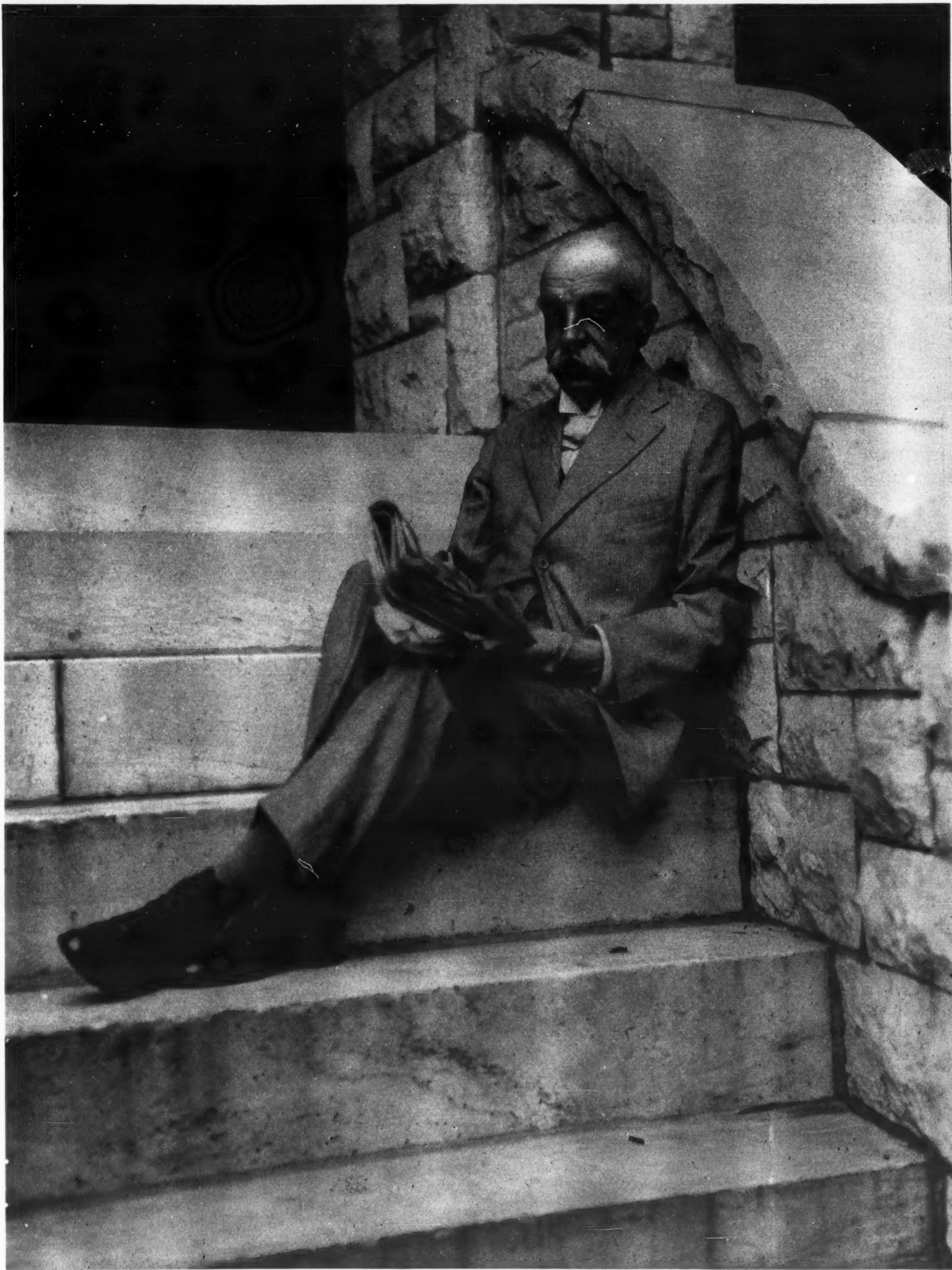


The Ill-Fated F-4 Brought to the Surface

Above—The American submarine F-4, which sank outside of Honolulu Harbor the last week in March, brought to the surface and being towed to the quarantine station at Honolulu on August 28th. The submarine is between the two large pontoons, the American flag being half-masted on the stern pontoon.

Below—In drydock, between the pontoons that were used in raising her. The F-4 is lying on her port side with keel almost up, and bow to the camera. A big hole forward is plainly seen.

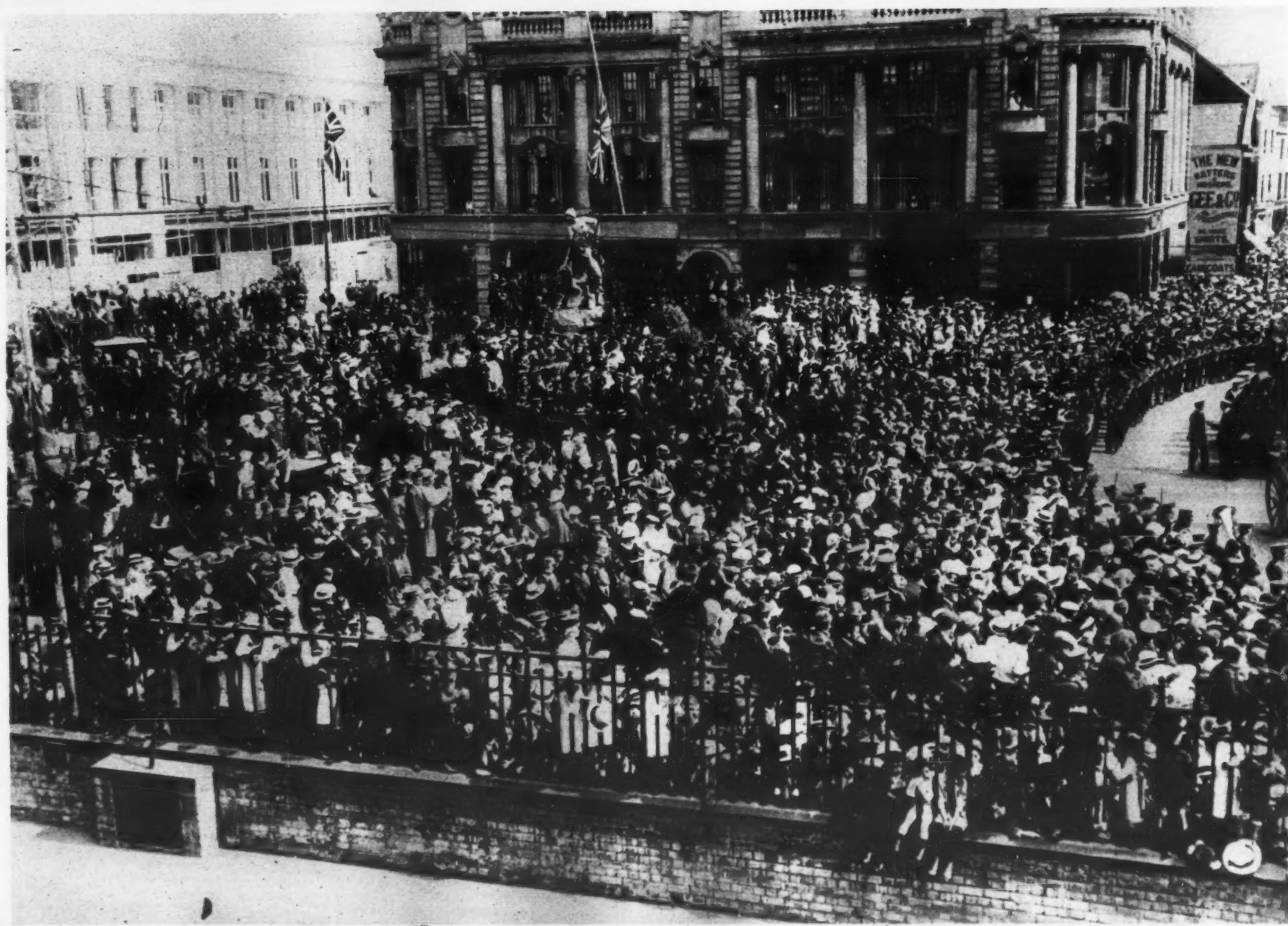
(Photos © Underwood & Underwood.)



The Ambassador Whose Recall Was Requested

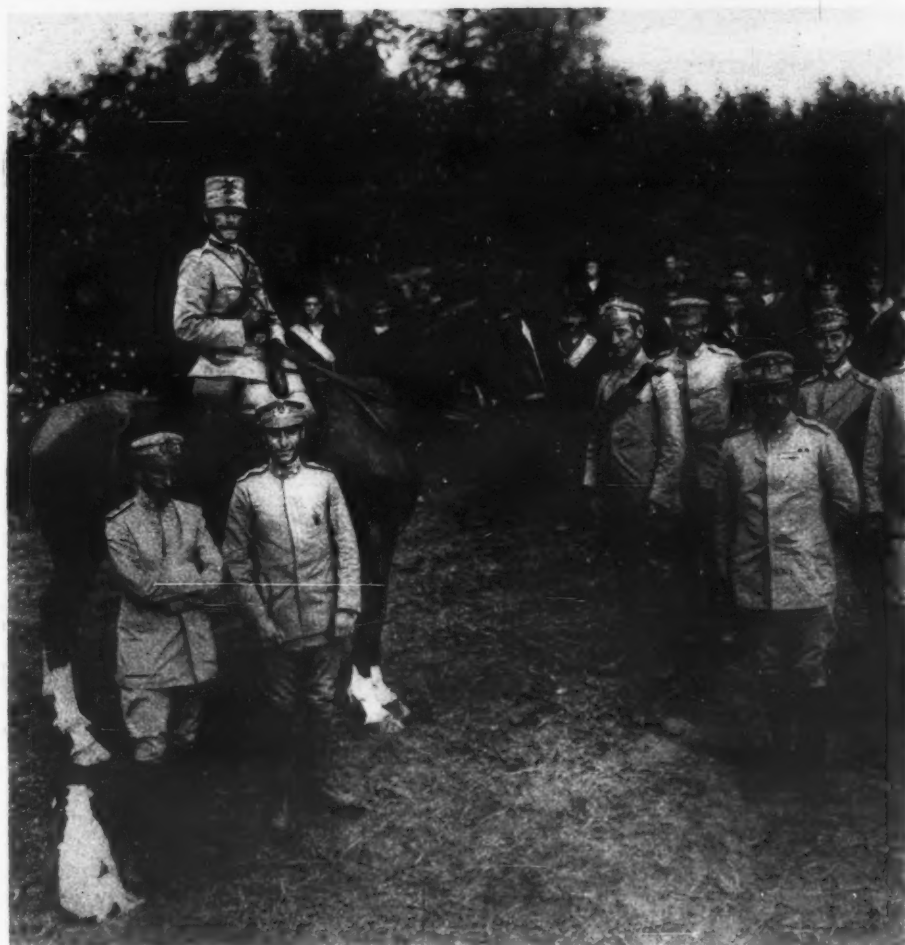
Dr. Constantin T. Dumba, the Ambassador from Austria-Hungary, photographed on the steps of his home in the exclusive Berkshire Hills colony at Lenox, Mass. The United States requested the Austrian Government to recall Dr. Dumba from this country because it had received evidence of "deliberately unfriendly" actions by him in attempting to foment strikes in munitions plants and to otherwise cripple the legitimate industries of this country.

(Photo © Underwood & Underwood.)



England Mourns the Dead of the E-13

A British submarine, the E-13, according to announcements of the British Admiralty, while grounded on the Danish Island of Saltholm, and under protection of the Danish torpedo boats was shelled and destroyed by three German torpedo-boat destroyers. Fifteen officers and men were reported lost from the British boat. Their bodies, recovered by the Danes, were landed at Hull, England. The upper picture shows the dead being taken from the pier to the railway station in Hull; below is seen the crowd watching the funeral procession leave the station.



The Isonzo and the Italian Campaign

Above—A panorama of the battlefield around Gorizia, with a view of the valley of the Isonzo. In the foreground is the Saliano viaduct. Mount Sabotino is at the right.

Below—(left) One of the famous Italian "flying" batteries of quick-firers landed at Amalfi with the Italian marines taking part in the Isonzo campaign. (Right) Officers from Amalfi who have charge of the operations of the marine battalion in the Isonzo district.

(Photos, Henry Ruschin and Underwood & Underwood.)



On Perilous Duty: Directing Artillery Fire

This scene, drawn by an artist at the British front, shows how artillery fire is observed and directed by officers hidden—as well as they can hide—in an advanced observation

post between their own lines and those of the enemy which are being shelled. These posts, in Flanders, usually consist of the tumble-down remains of buildings which

(Drawn by F. Mantano, at the British Front; for The Spence)



ry Fire from a Post Between the Battlelines

enemy
usu-
which
have been almost shot away, and which are usually reached
and occupied at great peril from gunfire. Sometimes
the officers so situated become isolated by being cut off

; for The Sphere, London. © 1915, in the U. S. A., by N. Y. H. Co.)

from their troops at their rear. The cloth in the drawing
is used to shield the men from too direct observation,
by snipers in front and by fliers in the air.



Prisoners in Three Lands

At top—A column of Austro-Hungarian prisoners taken by the Russians being marched to the rear for deportation to the Russian prison camp. Centre—Turkish prisoners taken by the Allies in the fighting at the Dardanelles brought to Egypt for concentration at a British prison station. Below—Russian prisoners, taken by the Teutonic allies, in the German prison camp at Ruhleben, near Berlin, awaiting their daily dinner ration.

(Photos © R. R. McCormick, Medem Photo Service, and © Universal Press Syndicate.)



A Galician Idyl

Sweethearts, and not ashamed to own it—this Hungarian soldier and the Galician belle to whose charms he has surrendered. The girl he left behind him when the Russian army overran East Galicia is here happily reunited to this member of the Austro-Hungarian armies which on their return drove the Russians back to their border line; a respite in the fighting has allowed him to seek and find the sweetheart he left months before.

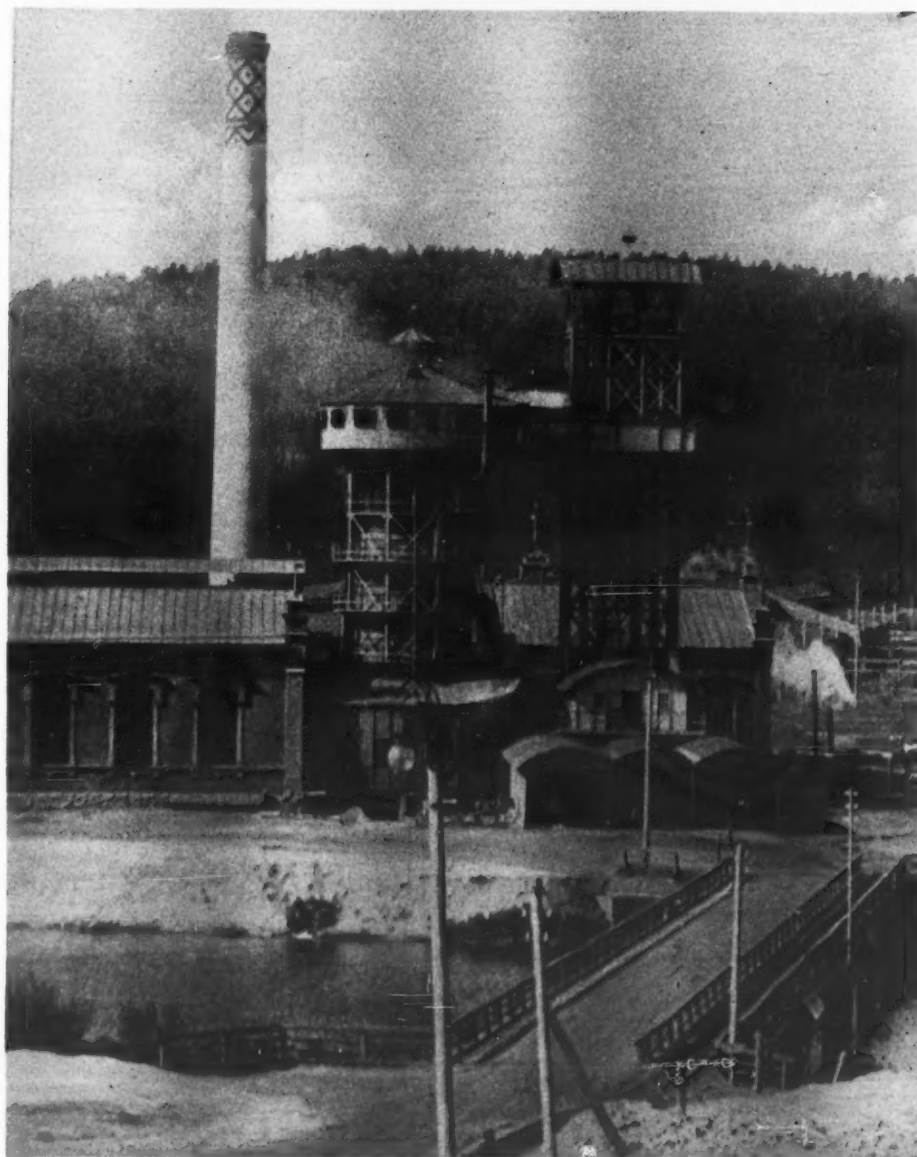
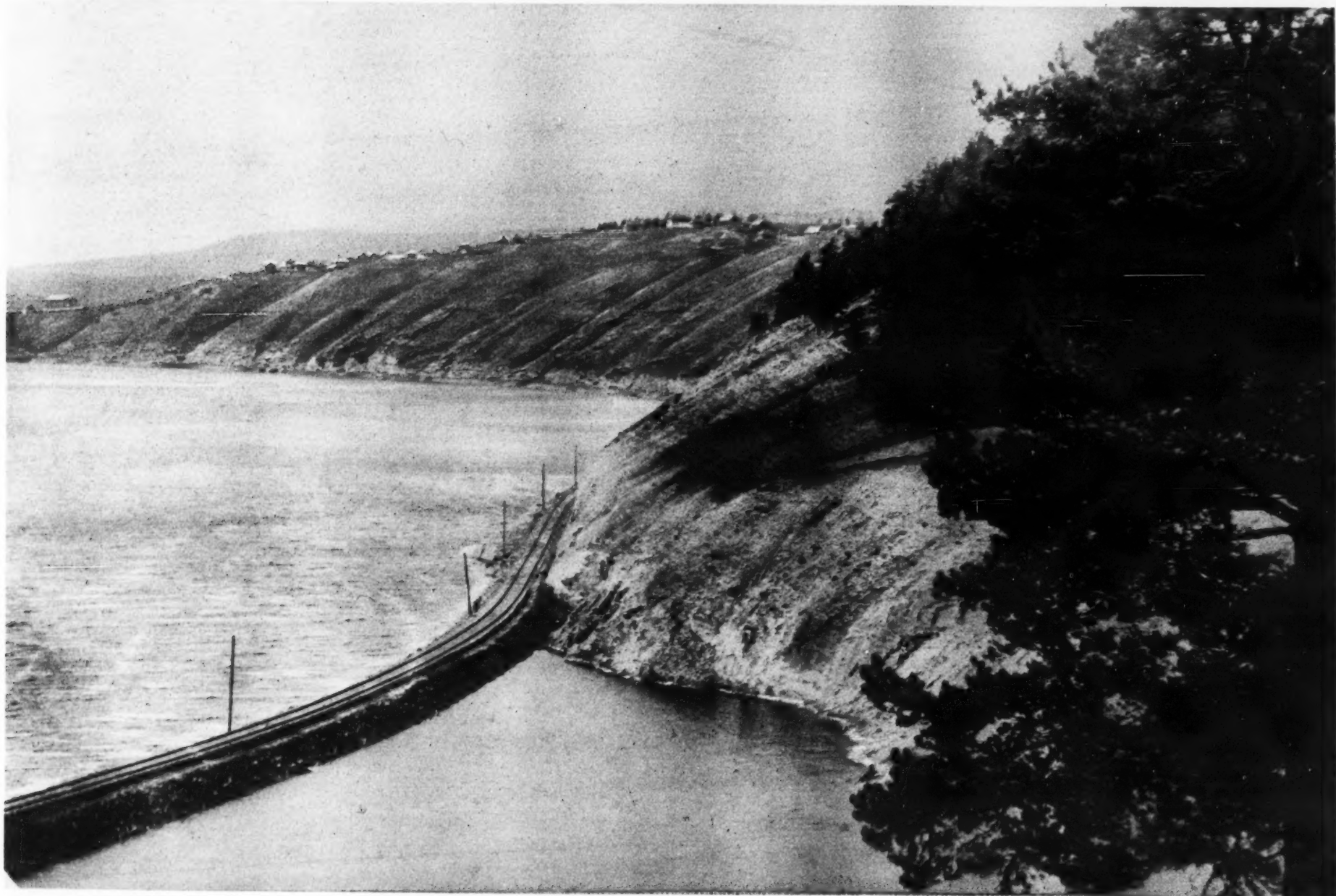
(© Brown & Dawson, from U. & U.)



The Wandering Jew of the Eastern War Zone

As a result of the fighting in Poland and Galicia thousands of Jews, their homes either burned or destroyed by shell fire, have been driven abroad with such goods as they can transport. Their fate hangs in doubt, their future a problem. In the upper picture Jews from Lublin are seen passing behind the Austrian lines; in the lower picture, a Jewish rest on the borders of Galicia is shown.

(Photo © Underwood & Underwood.)



Russia's Long Haul on Her Munitions of War

At Top—Along the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway, which runs from the border of Mongolia, at one side, to the Ural Mountains, at the other side of Siberia.

Below—(Left panel) A short cut, saving many miles by steamer trip across Lake Baikal, Siberia. (Right panel) A munitions factory in Russia furthest from the war front. It is at Slatonst, in the Ural Mountains.

(Photos by Press Illustrating Co.)



German Activities in Occupied Belgium

At top—German officers awaiting their motor cars after visiting the vegetable markets at St. Troud, a town north of Liege in Belgium. Below—A service held by the Germans in the market-place of Haelen—a small town on the road to Louvain—in commemoration of the battle between the Germans and Belgians at Haelen, August 11 and 12, 1914. Note the destroyed houses, partly rebuilt.

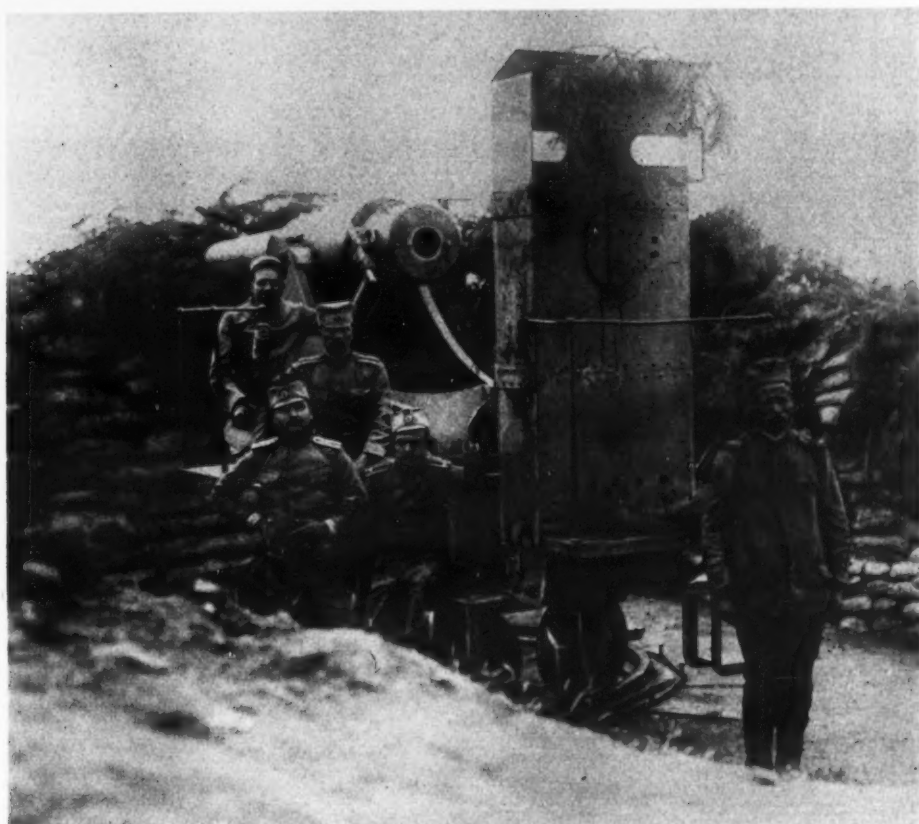
(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)



Men of the Landsturm Off to Fight

Here is a photograph showing men of the German Landsturm on their way to the fighting line, where they will fill a gap made in the ranks of the regulars. The picture was made in Allenstein, where this unit of "Germany's reserve forces" entrained for the front.

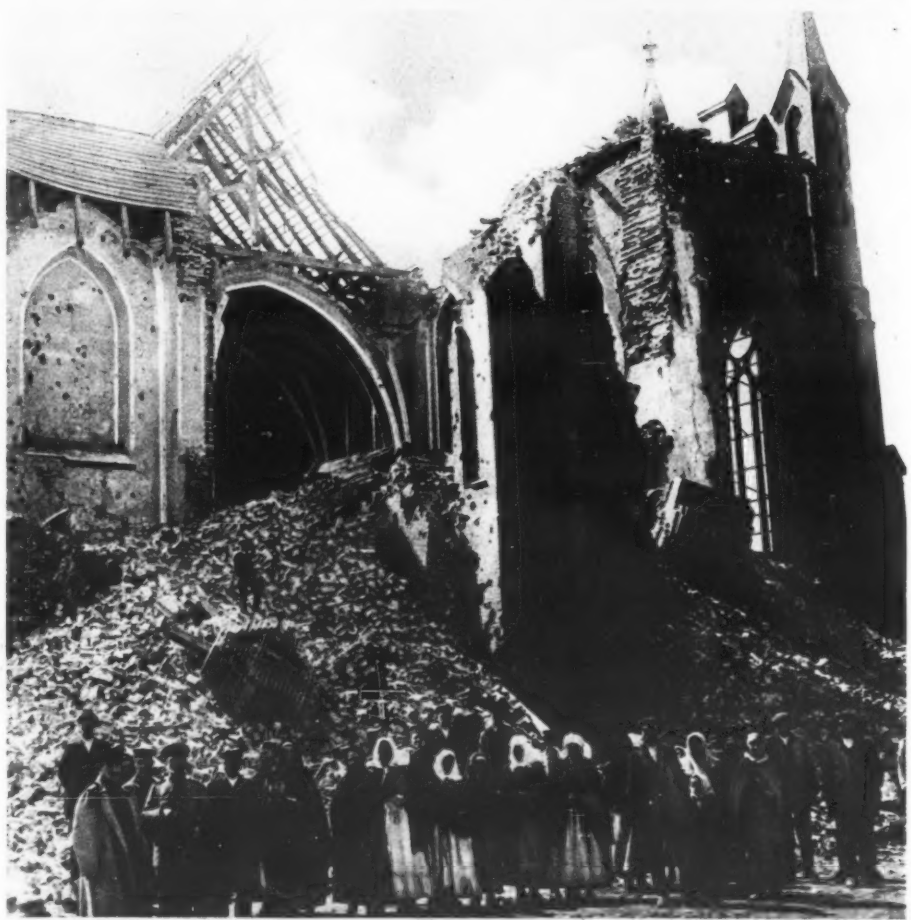
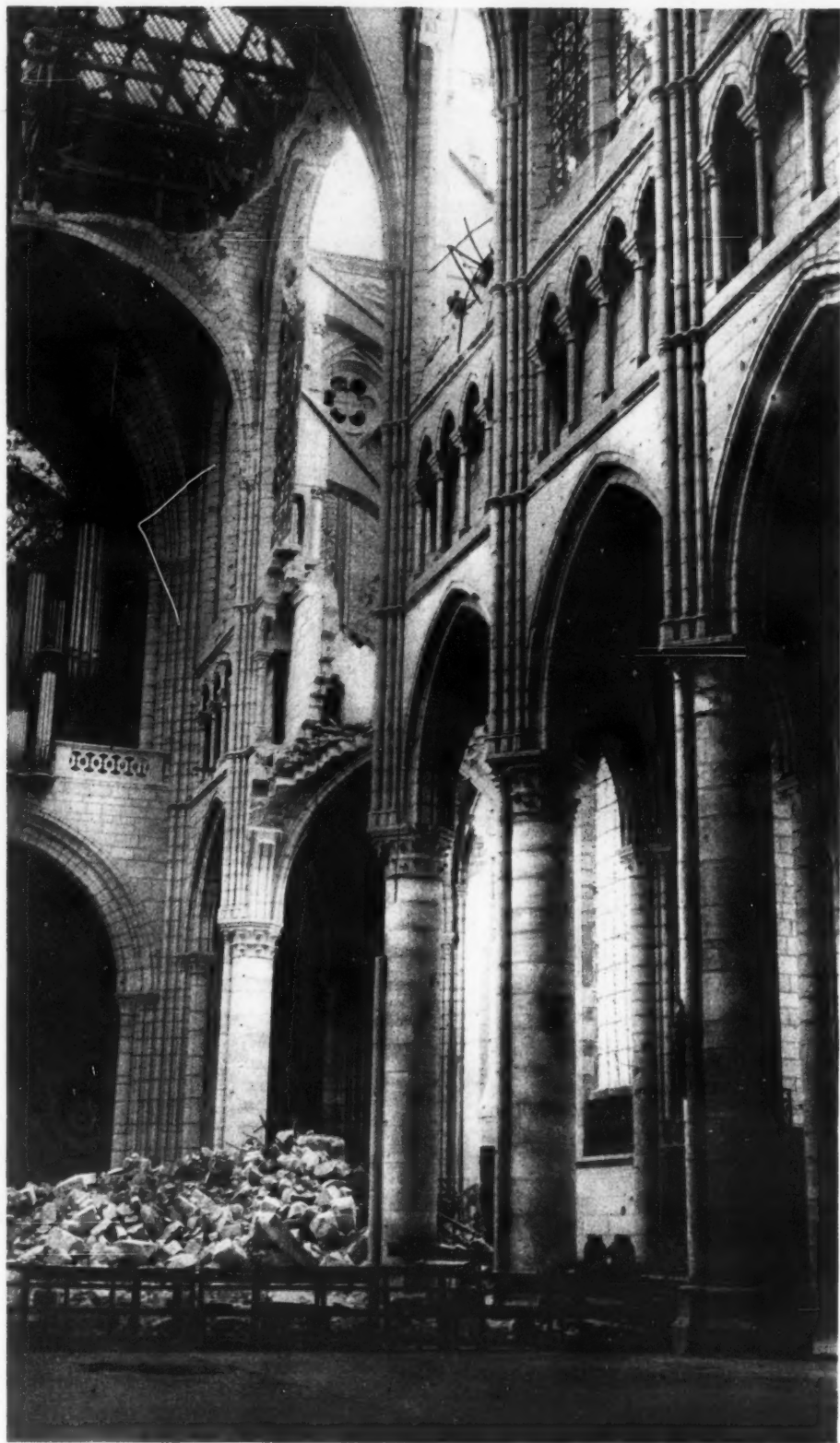
(Photo from Henry Ruschin.)



How the Allies Are Helping Serbia Defend Belgrade

At Top—A birdseye view of Belgrade, showing the citadel and the arsenal, and across the river the plains of Hungary.
Centre—(At Left) French marines and their big naval gun at Topchider, near Belgrade. (Right) A Russian volunteer in the Serbian Army and the gun he serves.
Below—(At Left) A British naval gun mounted in fortifications on the Save River, Belgrade. (Right) One of Serbia's own 120-mm. guns in the trenches before Belgrade.

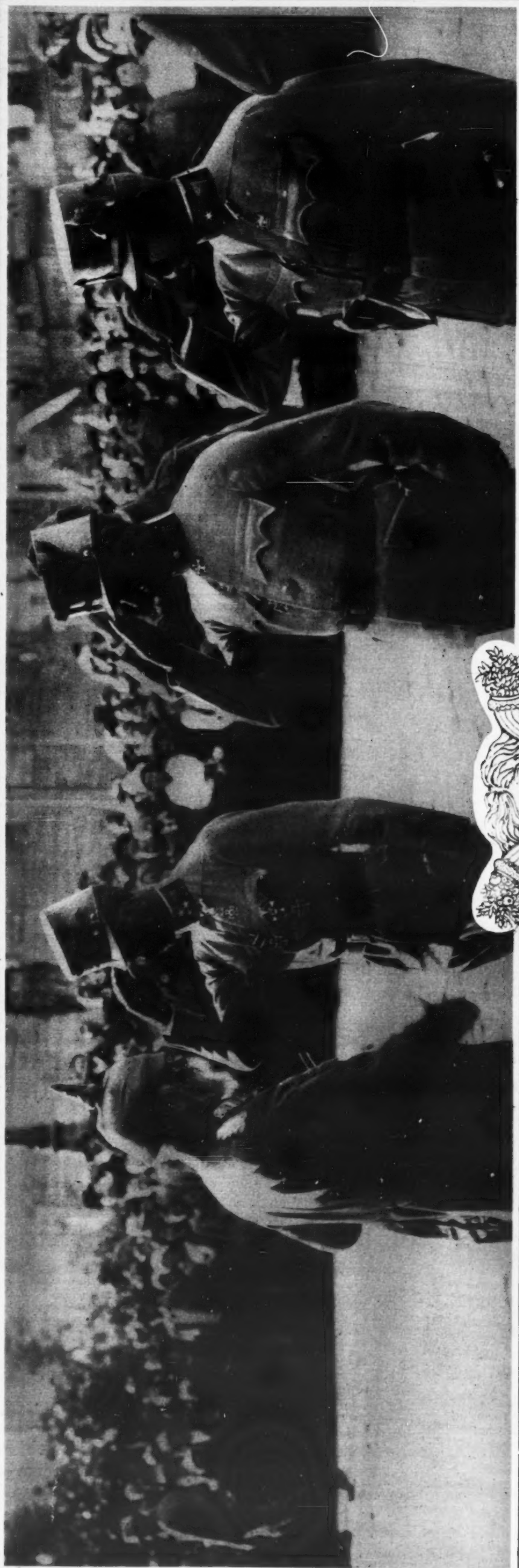
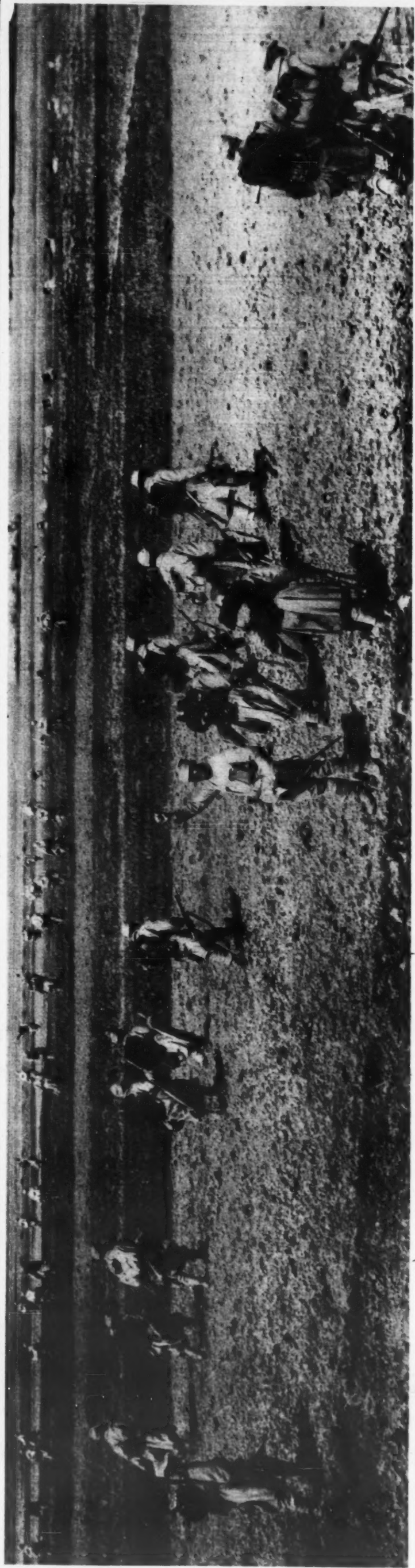
(Medem Photo Service.)



Destruction of Churches in East and West

At Left—(Above) A part of the cathedral at Ypres, in Flanders. It is now almost totally wrecked. (Below) The church at Neuville, in Northern France, after a terrific Franco-English artillery fire.
At Right—(Above) The monastery of St. Jean des Vignes, at Soissons, after a bombardment by the Germans. (Below) The church of Kurowitze, in Galicia, contended for by both Germans and Russians; it has been thrice taken and retaken.

(Photos Press Illus. Co. © Int. News Service and Underwood & Underwood.)



With General von Boehm-Ermolli's

At top we see the Austrian fighters in the midst of an advance charge on a Russian fortified position. Some of the Austrians in the right middle distance have intrinched. In the background, near the centre, observe the clouds from bursting Russian shells.

Advancing Austrian Troops

The picture below shows General von Boehm-Ermolli and members of his staff bidding farewell to King Ludwig of Bavaria, who has been visiting headquarters of the Austrian troops, and now departing for another front.



(© Underwood & Underwood.)

Here and There Among the Pictures

(Continued from Page 2.)

F-4 and E-13

BY a curious crossing of the threads of coincidence, this country and England simultaneously mourned a tragedy which had befallen the crew of a submarine. The fate of the F-4, sunk in deep water close to Honolulu, was due, it is said, to a defect in construction, the bursting of a battery with, perhaps, the corrosion of the thin plates of the submarine by strong acid, the subsequent leakage sinking her, the men being either drowned or suffocated by poisonous fumes. The English submarine ran aground on the Danish Island of Saltholm, in the narrow waters of the Sound, between Copenhagen on the Danish side and Malmo on the Norwegian side. Here, on Danish soil, the men were, of course, no longer combatants. They would, had they lived, have been interned until the end of the war. But, according to announcements of the British Admiralty, while they were struggling in the water beside their boat, under the protection of Danish torpedo boats, the men were shelled and killed by three German torpedo boats, which fired on them with shrapnel. Fifteen officers and men were thus killed. Their bodies were recovered by the Danes, sent to Hull, and there accorded all the honors due to heroes. (See page 10.)

About Gorizia

FURTHER down, on the lower Isonzo, says a Viennese bulletin of Sept. 17, "as far as the bridgehead of Gorizia, reigns relative quiet." Such quiet breathes in our picture of this lovely region with the bridge over the narrow, swift Isonzo in its centre. Gorizia, the name of which comes from a Slavonic word meaning mountain—for the aboriginal inhabitants of the hills here were Slavs, who spoke a tongue entirely intelligible to an inhabitant of Moscow—grew up, like so many of the mediaeval cities of Europe, in the shadow of a great noble's castle-fortress. The Counts of Gorizia practiced the traditional industries of the feudal robber-baron, whose methods are not yet wholly obsolete; and their dependents built, first shanties, and then houses, under the shadows of the castle walls. So grew up the modern city of Gorizia, now capital of the County of Gorizia and Gradisca, and seat of a curious little local Parliament of twenty-two members. On the high limestone plateaus about the town are rich and very productive vineyards, mulberry gardens, and peach, plum and cherry orchards, the fruits of which are peddled by the Slavonic women as far north as Salzburg. The population of the whole county is a quarter of a million, one-tenth of whom live in the city of Gorizia.

In Italy, as in Flanders, men of the warships are playing a militant role on land. Here, some of the men of the armored cruiser Amalfi, which takes its name from the ancient city, have brought ashore some of their guns and are using them with effect against the Austrians. The cruiser Amalfi displaces about 10,000 tons, her primary battery consists of four ten-inch guns, with a secondary battery of eight seven-and-a-half inch guns. With an indicated horsepower of 19,000 she is rated at 22½ knots. It is amusing to remember that among Italy's six dreadnoughts, one bears

the honored name of Lionardo da Vinci, another the still more honored style of Dante Alighieri. In 1914, Italy laid down four superdreadnoughts, one of which wears the familiar name of C. Colombo the same person who is mentioned in Mark Twain's travels. It is a bit of a shock to have to speak of these august personages, not including Mark Twain, of course, as "she," in company with the President Lincoln and the Kaiser Wilhelm. One wonders, by the way, how these last two warlords would get on together, supposing they found themselves moored together, like the vessels named in their honor. (See page 11.)

The Eyes of the Artillery

AFTER the particular target has been located by aeroplanes, whether it be an enemy battery, a carefully hidden trench, or a fortified dwelling-house, the immediate task of the artillery is to get its range, with a view of pounding it. This is done in two ways: first, optically, by means of a device like two eyes very wide apart, for it is wholly by means of binocular vision that we estimate distances; and, secondly, by actual experiment, by firing shells sighted to a certain distance, say, four thousand yards, and watching where they light; watching for the explosion with a powerful binocular fieldglass. If the shells burst short, then the battery commander, to whom the fact is communicated by the observers, by telephone, orders the range to be increased, sighting now for, say, four thousand four hundred yards. Again the observers note the result; let us suppose the shells now burst beyond the mark; this fact will be telephoned to the battery commander, and he will slightly diminish the range, firing the hose back and forward, until he gets the range exactly. The simile is not a bad one, for, when a shrapnel shell bursts, the hundreds of small bullets it contains spray forward like the water from a hose. We spoke of certain eminent persons, a moment ago, whose names are held in honor. The name of General Shrapnel is not in immediate danger of being forgotten. The world keeps his memory green. (See pages 12 and 13.)

Prisoners of War

FROM Mayence, which in German is called Mainz, comes a letter telling how a visit to the prisoners' camp in the wonderful old citadel there and a talk with the English, French, Belgian, Russian, as well as German, officers there completely destroys the impression that personal antagonism and hate exist among the actual fighting men in the war. The Mayence camp, which is one of the best war prisons of Germany, at present has a population of 555 officers, sixty of whom are British. The remainder are almost equally divided between Russians and French and Belgians. Something more than one hundred common soldiers detailed as servants are quartered there in addition. The men of each side recognize those on the other as honorable opponents who have individually had nothing to do either with the causes or the conduct of the war. Until dark the men are allowed the liberty of the entire camp; after that they must retire to their rooms, but may keep lights burning until eleven. At 7:45 in the morning they must be up and out. By a sort of self-government system two officers in each building are put in control or command each week, and upon these rests the responsibility of getting the men out promptly each day and of enforcing the rules regulating life of the camp. (See page 14.)

In Love and War

THE gentleman in the idyl wears the uniform of a non-commissioned officer of cuirassiers; his stalwart lady-love seems to be a Ruthenian maiden from the regions of the Carpathians, wearing one of the embroidered Zouave jackets, the needlework on which forms so large a part of the art-expression of all Balkan maidens, and of so many of their sisters in Austria and Russia. Indeed for one who is so familiar with the styles of cross-stitch, its patterns and colors tell more than the skull-measurements of the craniologist. For instance, genuine Russian cross-stitch uses only red and blue, with black and white, while the southern Slavs about Gorizia have also a rose color and a yellow, all vegetable dyes, home made, and used to color home-made linen thread. The young non-commissioned officer of cuirassiers will, therefore, in due time find himself an expert in cross-stitch, supposing his regiment is not presently moved "to the western battle front." (See page 15.)

The Wandering Jew

IT would seem that war will do for the Jew of the Russian Pale what peace has not hitherto done: release him from his old boundaries, and set him adrift throughout the whole vast Russian Empire. The Pale arose in this way: The Western nations for one reason or another, echoes of which are found in that venerable document, Magna Charta, drove the Jews out of their lands; and Poland, tolerant and generous, gave them a home, where they long remained, many of them retaining a half-German dialect, borrowed from their former home, and still talked by them, under the name of Yiddish, or in American, Jewish. But for the loan-words, it is simply German, written in the backward-running characters of the Old Testament, adapted to German phonetics. When Poland was divided among the three empires, the Polish Jews remained where they were, for the most part in ghettos such as one sees today in Lublin or Cracow. The kingdom of which Moscow was so long the capital, the genuine Old Russia, had practically no Jewish population, and, on annexing Poland, made the rule that, with certain exceptions, the Jews in the annexed region should remain there, and not migrate to the older Russian territory. In this way grew up what is called the Pale, the greatest centre of Jewish population in the world, until the present war forced the new exodus. It will be one of the curious by-products of this war, if it permanently abolishes the old rule of the Pale, as it has abolished it temporarily. (See page 16.)

The Siberian Railroad

SOME ten years ago, the Siberian railroad was taxed to its limit to carry Russian troops to Manchuria, to fight against the Japanese. Today, it is once more heavily taxed to carry munitions of war, made by Russia's firm ally, Japan, for the fight against the Teutons. Thus does Time's whirligig bring his revenges. We do not realize the vastness of the spaces traversed by this railroad. The area of the United States, without the Territory of Alaska, is about three million square miles. Brazil is about the same. Canada is somewhat larger. But the Russian Empire is more than eight million square miles, nearly three times the area of the United States, and with distances vast in proportion. Compared with the whole expanse of the empire, the few hundreds of thousands of square miles occupied, at such enormous

cost by the Teutons, are almost negligible, as a glance at a large-scale map will show. But these vast distances mean immense expenditure of time, and it probably takes not less than a fortnight under the most favorable circumstances for shells to come from Vladivostok to the battle front, as against a day or less from the fighting front to Berlin. (See page 17.)

The German Landsturm

THE picture of the men of the German Landsturm gathered at Allenstein ready to entrain for the front suggests reflections. The Landsturm was designed as a purely defensive force, to hold home fortresses and stations, while the active army fought abroad. The fact that the Landsturm is now called to the front, means that not only the entire active army, as it was at the beginning of the war, but the first reserve also, and not only the first reserve of the active army, but both the first and second bans of the Landwehr have already been called to the fighting line, and have been written off as "profit and loss." Further, the men in this picture are evidently men of the second ban of the Landsturm, men, that is, between the ages of thirty-nine and forty-five, for the first ban of the Landsturm is made up of much younger men, who, for one reason or another have not served in the active army. If the men of forty to forty-five are now called to the fighting line what troops are being trained in the depots? And what troops will be training in the depots a year hence if the war lasts another year? (See page 19.)

The Fortress of Belgrade

THE situation of Belgrade, the "White City" which is the capital of militant Serbia, in many ways reminds one of the situation of Constantinople. It is on a headland surrounded on three sides by water, by the Danube on the right hand, the Save on the left, and a wide expanse of the Danube to the north. The headland is a knob of rock, a natural fortress, which the nations of that region have fought over continuously for centuries. It is interesting to learn that this plucky little nation now fighting for its life and liberty is receiving aid in men and heavy guns from its big friends; and it would be more than interesting to know how the guns get within its landlocked frontiers. (See page 20.)

The Shattering of Cathedrals

PERHAPS the best comment on these pictured ruins is this passage from Heine: "When once that restraining talisman, the Cross is broken, then the smoldering ferocity of those ancient warriors will again blaze up; then will again be heard the deadly clang of that frantic Berserker wrath, of which the Norse poets sing so much. The Talisman is rotten with decay, and the day will come when it will crumble and fall. Then the ancient stone-gods will arise from out the ashes of dismantled ruins and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes, and finally, Thor, with his colossal hammer will leap up, and with it shatter into fragments the Gothic cathedrals." (See page 21.)

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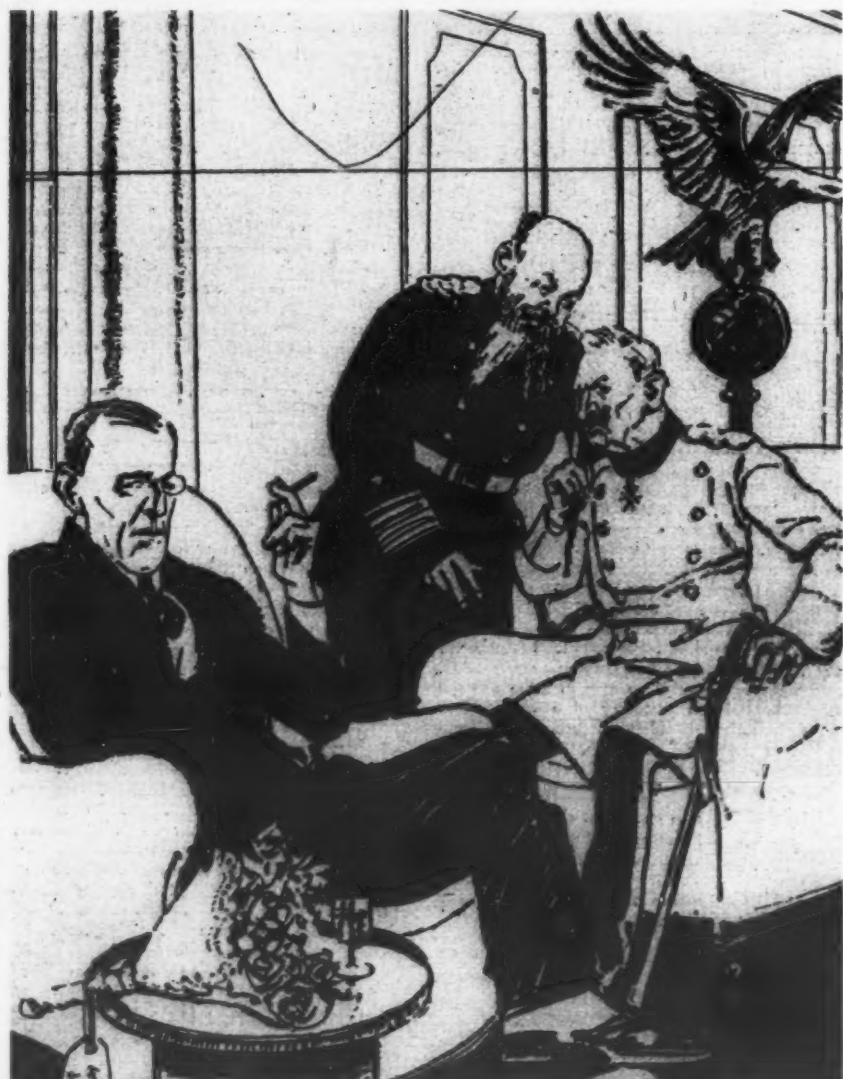
Oversea Cartoons on War Themes



WILSON'S WAR-DANCE. John Bull: "That's the way I like to see neutrality--when I control the strings!"
--(C) *Simplicissimus* (Munich.)



THE DICTATOR. Wilson writes as his will is bent; Germany torpedoes after the note is sent!--(C) *Lustige Blätter* (Berlin.)



MORE LEG-PULLING. Von Tirpitz: "Good news, sire! We have sunk another great liner!"
Kaiser (aside): "Not so loud! I've just promised my friend Wilson I wouldn't do it again!"--*London Opinion*.



PEACE TALK. Kaiser: "At the present rate of progress of my destructive sword there will be peace before the year is out."
Sultan of Turkey: "And supposing I can't wait till then?"
--*Punch* (London.)